



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

warmest expressions of eulogy. Mr. Cropsey has just completed a picture entitled 'The Olden Time,' representing a tournament, and calling vividly to mind the field of Ashby de la Zouche. It is, I believe, designed for Mr. Oliphant, of New-York. The same artist is engaged upon a large picture representing Hudson River scenery in autumn, which promises to be one of his most successful productions. An exhibition of English works of art is announced to take place this spring in Paris. Mr. Gambart, the well-known publisher, by special invitation from the Emperor, takes charge of the exhibition. There has been and is bad blood, between the artists of Perfidious Albion, and *La Belle France*, each denying strenuously the superiority of the other. 'English art,' say the French, 'is of the earth, earthy.' 'French art,' say the Britons, 'is of the French, Frenchy.' It is hoped that the amenities which the interchange of exhibitions will induce, may establish a more genial fraternity among the brethren of pigments and pallets. During the ensuing autumn Mr. Gambart will send to the United States, for exhibition, a collection of English and French pictures, embracing recent works from every celebrated artist in both countries. It will, perhaps, be borne in mind that a year or two since the same gentleman sent to your country two collections for exhibition, which were regarded as the finest which had ever been placed before the American public. He contemplates a decided advance upon the previous exhibition, not only in number but in the essence of the names which will be represented. It is probable that Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World,' and Trithe's 'Duty Day,' will be included in the exhibition."

Mr. Charles Robert Leslie, R. A., the celebrated artist, whose death, on the 5th inst., in London, is announced, was born in that city October 19, 1794. His parents, who were natives of Maryland, sailed for Philadelphia when the future painter was about five years old. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a bookseller in Philadelphia, but neglected his business for his pencil, with which he had, when only six years old, shown skill. He was in the habit of making water-color drawings of players at the theatre, among which, one of Cooke in the character of Richard III. attracted so much attention, as to lead to young Leslie's

adoption of the profession of an artist. After he had received some preliminary instructions from Mr. Sully, he set out for London, whence, shortly after his arrival, he sent home his first oil-picture. "Walter of Deloraine," from "Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel." This painting is now in the Academy at Philadelphia. In 1832, Mr. Leslie accepted the position of Professor of Drawing at West Point, which he resigned after a few months' service, and returned to England, where he has since resided. His career as an artist has been very successful, but the critics say that his works in the Royal Academy exhibition this year show a failing eye and hand. Among his celebrated pictures are a portrait of Sir Walter Scott, owned by Mr. Ticknor of Boston, "Ann Page and Slender," owned in this city; "Visit of Lady Blarney and Miss Skeggs to the Vicar of Wakefield's Family," of which engravings are common; "May Day in the Reign of Elizabeth," "Touchstone and Audrey," "The Reading of the Will of Roderick Random's Godfather."

Mr. Henry Turner, a promising Virginia artist, has just finished a picture, at Dusseldorf, on which he has been engaged for a year past, which represents a passage in the life of Chevalier Bayard, when, disabled by wounds, he was comforted by two maidens.

Among the art purchases by the Prince of Wales while in Rome, was Miss Hosmer's spirited little statue representing "Puck on a mushroom."



DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.



THE Chicago people have shown a most commendable art-spirit in opening a Gallery of Art for public inspection. The exhibition contains a large number of really fine works by our leading painters, together with many things from abroad. The *Journal* of that city, in the course of a discriminating article upon Art and this home exposition, thus refers to the collection:—"Those who are familiar or not with the works of our leading American artists, will find in this gallery good specimens of several of the best of them. There are three landscapes by Durand, which will sustain the fine reputation of the President of the National

Academy. Kensett gives us a view on the Hudson, and a particularly fine bit of sandy, rocky beach and the ocean at Newport. Of Cropsey we have some of the best specimens we remember to have seen; and in the South American Scenery, by Church, we find something of the skill and genius which have given the painter of "Niagara," and the "Heart of the Andes," a reputation inferior to no one of our artists. The two landscapes by Gignoux are fine specimens of that artist's style; while the dogs and game which hang below them cannot fail to please those who are fond of this kind of subject. Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware," has been thought, in some places, painting enough by itself alone to form an exhibition and fill a gallery.

We are most happy to note this spirit springing up in various cities; and hope that in every city of respectable size throughout the country, a yearly display of the art treasures of the place may become a feature of increasing interest and importance. Surely, nothing is better calculated to elevate the public taste of the community.

A dozen public-spirited citizens of Boston have secured a very valuable historical painting, by Copley, which is now on its passage to Boston. The subject of the painting is "King Charles I. demanding of the House of Commons the five impeached Members." As a work of art, it is regarded as second only to the same great painter's picture of the "Death of Lord Chatham." It is of large size, and contains portraits of upward of fifty noted persons. The picture was first brought to the attention of Hon. Josiah Quincy, while mayor, by John Quincy Adams, and a paper was started to secure it for the city of Boston more than thirty years ago, but circumstances prevented the collection of the subscriptions and the movement was not revived.

The monument in memory of the Pilgrims, to be erected at Plymouth, is taking form. Nearly a thousand tons of granite have been delivered at the site, and the corner-stone will be laid in August.

Mr. Wright's portrait of Edward Everett is being reproduced, in London, by a celebrated engraver.

The Lexington Monument Association lately held a meeting to consider a proposed design for a new monument at Lexington, made by Mr. Billings of Boston,

the designer of the great monument for the Plymouth Pilgrims. The new design is the figure in bronze of a "Minute Man" of the colossal height of eighteen feet, just as he has left the plough, seized his musket and repaired to the defence of his rights. It is proposed to be elevated on a pedestal, the latter to be ornamented with four historical bas-reliefs. If the design should be adopted, it is proposed to erect it on a small hill a few rods westerly of the present monument on Lexington Common, at an elevation of some forty feet above the road.

The *National Intelligencer*, in speaking of the portrait of Chief Justice Marshall, which has been painted by Mr. Washington, a young artist, says it will be on exhibition in a few days, and pays a deserved compliment to the artist, some of whose works we have had the pleasure of seeing. It says all the friends of the Chief Justice will at once recognize a striking likeness of him in this picture.

At a late sale of paintings, held in Boston, good prices were obtained. The *Atlas* says of it: "An auction sale of artists' paintings conducted by Leonard & Co., was not only one of the most interesting, but one of the most satisfactory ever held in Boston. The selection consisted of eighty-two pieces, and comprised contributions from Bradford, Champney, (one of whose White Mountain views found a purchaser in a gentleman whose presence at North Conway last season enhanced its attractiveness to numerous people,) Mrs. Darrah, Gay, Morviller, and Rondell. Morviller sent in thirteen pieces, Rondell twenty-five."

CHURCH'S "HEART OF THE ANDES."

THE feature of the season is Church's "Heart of the Andes." This picture, whose approach to completion excited such pleasing expectations upon the part of connoisseurs, has more than answered its promise: without doubt it is the finest landscape ever painted in this country, and one of the best ever painted, if we are to accept the general verdict of the public, the press, and those best qualified to pronounce upon a true work of genius. The canvas is about 6 by 8 feet. In the foreground we have the almost

boundlessly rich growth of trees, grasses, and flowers of a South American tropical valley forest. A river of rapids and waterfalls come leaping down through the centre, giving depth and brilliancy to the composition. Slowly rising from the background until its summits "are lost in glory," is the "Heart of the Andes"—the old, impenetrable mountain of ice and snow whose monstrous proportions have become landmarks to the voyageur and explorer. This is the subject. It is wrought out with surpassing breadth, completeness, and force. The impression is one of unmixed grandeur, modified by the sweetness of the purely beautiful. An artist of less power would have given us a series of detached pictures—like a paragraphist for the press, a series of hints. But, like the full and perfectly balanced mind of Milton, or Macaulay, or Carlyle, Mr. Church has approached his work, and given, in one grand expression, the power, and depth, and greatness, and beauty of a most glorious subject. Such a sky as overmantles all! It is, beyond all question, one of the most heavenly of skies ever painted by any mortal hand—it alone, without Andes, or stream, or tree, or flower, would render the painter-hand immortal.

The detail of the picture is wondrous. We not only have trees but their very substance, not only leaves but their very texture, not only grasses but other grasses underlaid, filling up even the cool depths of the tufts. The water which comes leaping down, cutting the canvas into two pictures—like a nose of beauty dividing the stars of the eyes and the roses of the cheeks into two worlds—is of that exquisite texture which fairly deceives the senses—clear, talking, cool, and moving. It required the study and experience of "the Niagara" to catch the spirit of the waterfall so faithfully. By the gorges of the stream the eye is led into the background, through a perspective of the most perfect development and completeness:—we know that the base of the mountain lies just seven miles away, for we can measure the distance for ourselves. The color is rich, and strongly laid on—too green some may say, but not more green nor more bewildering than the hues which Nature herself has laid upon the spot.

The painting has higher claims than could be accorded to it as a mere landscape. It is a composition. A few fea-

tures are sketches on the spot, but the filling out, the detail, the variety and language, are all the artist's own—rendering it individual rather than one of a species—an original Poem rather than a translation. The "Niagara" was merely the Niagara daguerreotyped by a skilful hand and appreciative spirit; the "Heart of the Andes" is a creation wrought from the richness of the artist's own fancy. It therefore reaches into realms of ideality, and stands out as the painter's contribution to the art-expression of his age.

The exhibition of the painting in New-York has been attended with great success. Over one hundred dollars per day were taken at the door for admittance during the three weeks of its exhibition. It would, without doubt, have continued to attract crowds for weeks more. It is withdrawn for shipment to Europe. Under the directorship of Mr. McClure, late of the firm of Messrs. Williams, Stevens & Williams, it will take the tour of the Continent, and be exhibited in London, Paris, Dusseldorf, Berlin, Vienna, Florence, Rome, Naples, Madrid, Lisbon, &c., &c., returning to London for a season, and then back to this country in the coming fall. Its exhibition in the great art-centres of Europe must challenge the severest ordeals of criticism, but we have no fears for its success. It will compel such a recognition of American art as has never yet been given.

We are glad to learn that the painting will be engraved upon steel, in London, in the highest style of pure line engraving. It will thus be measurably reproduced, and placed within reach of all whose taste and means enable them to enjoy such a work of true art.

Among the many tributes of admiration paid the artist, the poets have not held their peace. From several handed us we choose from one, styled "Slakings of Thirst," by Miss Laura Elmer, the following lines:

O everlasting peak! snow prisoned dome!
O summit, glory crowned! I gaze in awe
Upon thy solemn rest! upheavings o'er,
And labor long since past, thou hast attained
The cloudless realm—thou'rt with the Infinite!

We leave the mount sublime, benignant, calm,
And thrill at all the clustered wealth below;
The luxury of tropic nature spread.
"Heaped up and running over" is the meed.
Spirit of Beauty here, too, thou art throned;
Thy mystic power doth touch us, and we thrill—
We burn in rapture, melting all our snow.